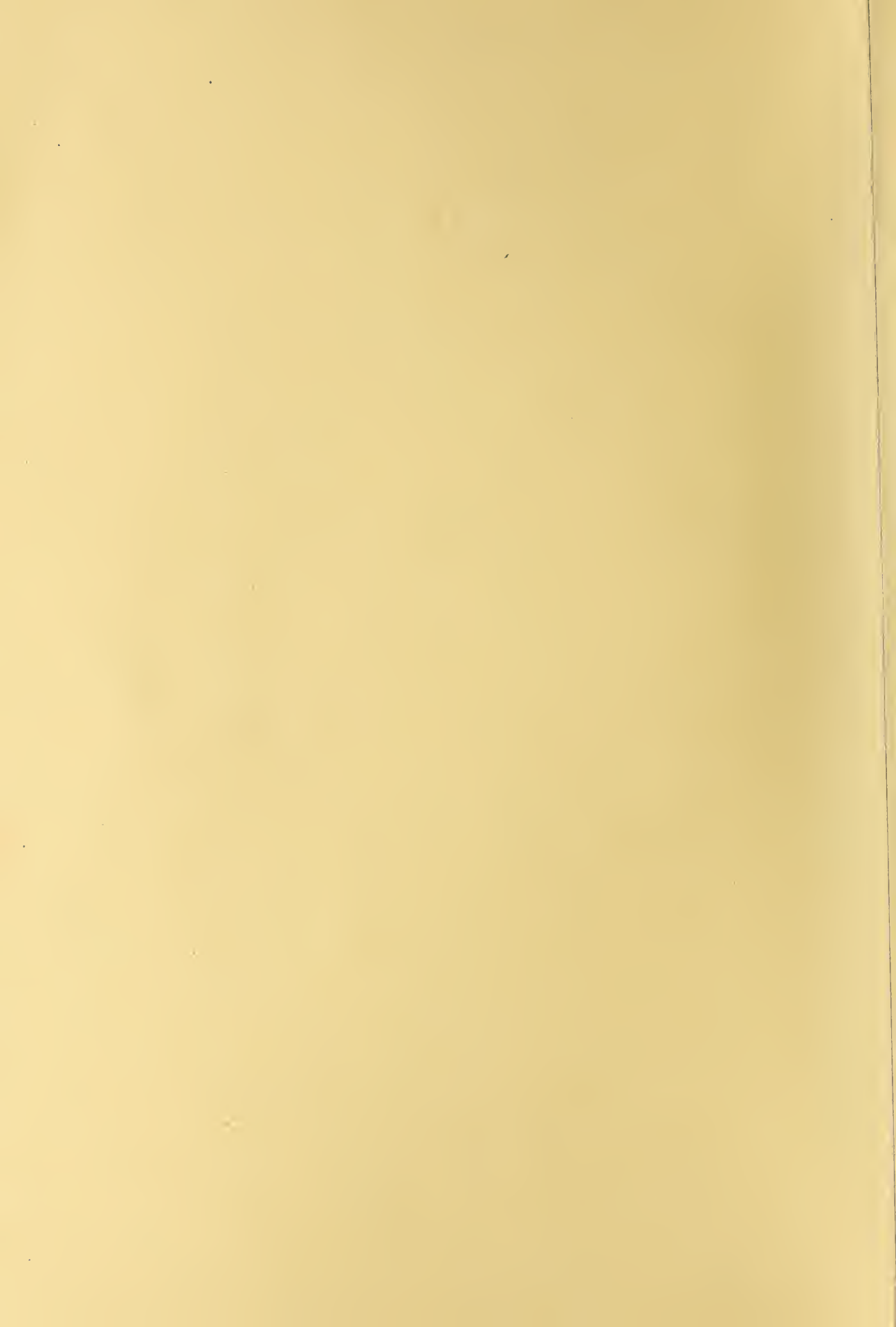




ANECHO

Provincial Normal School - Victoria, B.C.

1941 - 42



T H E A N E C H O

Prepared by

THE STUDENTS OF THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, VICTORIA,

May, 1942.

Editor	Joseph Lott
Business Manager	Bernard Johns
Literary	Janet Dobbs
Dramatic and Debating	James Robinson
Athletic	Kathleen Trainor
Social	Irene Goguillon
Art	Jean Straight Constance Reid David Green
Class A	Anne Lyster Hilda Hughes
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School and Staff.



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Editorial

Our year at Normal School is nearly behind us; but it will surely remain alive in our minds for years to come. There is some intangible thing which sets it apart from all other years of schooling; perhaps it is the fact that here lies the final step toward a chosen career; perhaps it is the system of training itself and perhaps it is the relationships of teacher and student and of student and student. Whatever it is, we will, each of us, keep this year alive in our memory.

It is to help in keeping alive this memory that we give you this book, hoping that in turning the pages you will relive the activities of the year.

I would like to thank the students who have taken their own time and effort to contribute to the written material or the art work.

On behalf of the staff of the "Anecho" and myself, I wish to thank Dr. Denton, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Gough and Miss Pottinger for their patience and advice in helping to make the book possible.

- Joseph Lott.

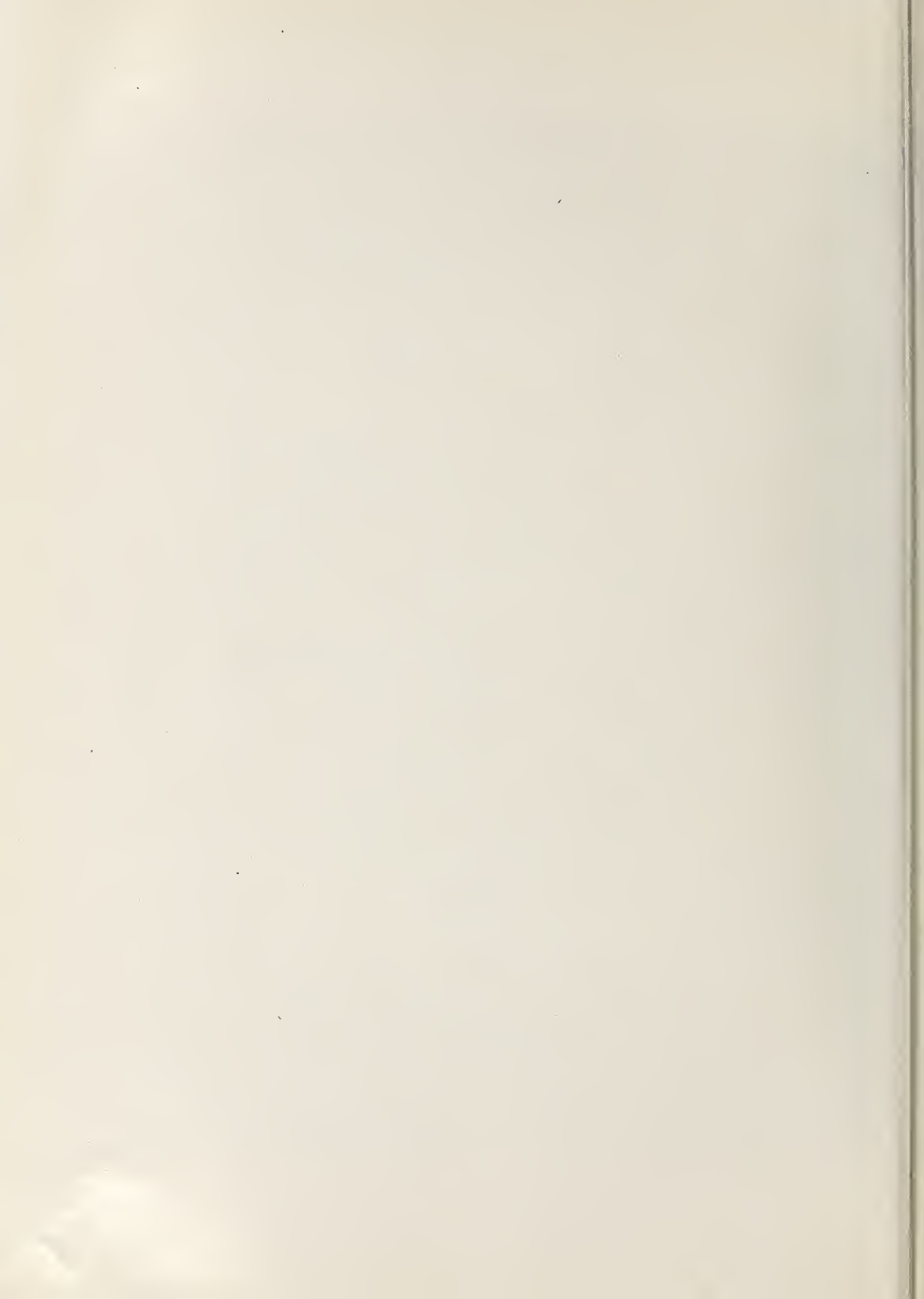
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Staff.



CONCERNING THE STAFF

DR. DENTON - His vivid imagination in discussions on class discipline easily takes him back to the days when he was in short pants.

DR. ANDERSON - Our able pearl merchant from "Popplesham Creek" who so patiently peddles her wares to unresponding customers.

MR. GOUGH - We are sorry to hear that this storehouse of wit will be lost to the Normal School.

MRS. MURPHY - It is certainly a shame that Mrs. Murphy had to leave behind the lovely kitchen of which she was so justly proud. I believe she would even suffer again the task of teaching the men to cook if she could but return.

MR. ENGLISH - "Look it up in The Thirty-first Year Book, don't take my word for it." "Scrophulariaceae, -- collinsia pusilla."
"Is that so!"

MRS. REESE BURNS - "So that's my diaphragm," said the amazed student. "If I'd only known sooner."

MR. WICKETT - Should write a book entitled, "What the Great Composers Did When They Weren't Writing Music". Just think what an addition Mr. Wickett would have made to Kay Kyser's band.

MISS HINTON - And Miss Hinton took the skipping rope and skipped gracefully back to her seat.

MR. WOODWARD - We wonder if there is a book in the library at home written by a fellow named Morton. Mr. Woodward's aim is to teach us how to give an arithmetic lesson to eight grades, each grade being divided into two ability groups.

MISS JAMES - "So you'd like to know what I said to George - - - -."

MISS BESCOBY - How Miss Bescoby can smile even at 9 o'clock Monday morning is a mystery to all of us.

MISS POTTINGER - Has the pleasant job of collecting--and returning fees.

SERGEANT-MAJOR POCOCK - "Are you or aren't you going to grow a mustache?"
Quote--"Where are you going, Ronaldo?"--Unquote.

CLASS "A" PERSONALS

HELEN ARMSTRONG (Nanaimo) - Many's the time this talented young lady from Nanaimo has delighted the "Lit." Meetings with either her delightful piano playing or her clever tap dancing. Thanks, Helen.

MOLLIE ASHWELL (Ladysmith) -

Molly is her first name,
Ashwell is her last.
We know little of her present,
And less about her past.

She loves the open spaces,
On a bike she'll often roam.
Up the Island is her homestead,
Good old Ladysmith's her home.

Her ambition, like the rest of us,
Is to teach in village schools.
Her future (can't you guess it?)
Is to be the one who rules.

ENA BASHAM (Penticton) -

Ena, an all-round personality,
Is loved by one and all.
With certain aid from U.B.C.
She will be able to recall
Science truly functional.

JEAN BECKWITH (Victoria) - Jean is one of our outstanding sports students. Basketball, ping-pong, dancing - nothing daunts her! And that car - which she drove for only a month before becoming the proud possessor of a licence!

BETTY BELL (Victoria) - As the very successful president of the Literary Society, Betty has shown her popularity. If she is any sample of the much sung "Prairie flower", B. C. could certainly do with a few more transplantings - or would it be graftings or cuttings? - oh, well, ask Mr. English.

PHYLLIS BROWN (Penticton) - A popular young Miss from Penticton, who is a conscientious worker and an eager participant in all activities. With these qualities she is bound to go far.

DOROTHY BRUCE (Saanich) -

Dorothy, a comely lass,
Is very popular in her class.
Her work is good, her teaching's fine,
In fact, in any field she'll shine.



CLASS A

Top Row - Misses K. Goold, D. Gillis, M. Dick, J. Derby, R. Dickson, D. Graham, J. Dobbs, D. Kenmuir,
E. Basham, P. Brown, A. Lyster.

Middle Row - Misses G. Grizzelle, E. Dignan, L. Hamilton, J. Contryman, A. Buchan, H. Armstrong, I.
I. Goguilleon, J. Beckwith, H. Hughes, A. Littler, M. Dodimead, D. Humeston, B. Haney.

Front Row - Misses D. Bruce, R. Harritt, F. Rowell, A. Gullmaur, L. Martin, B. Bell, M. Ashwell.

KATHLEEN BUCHAN (Salmon Arm) - Kay is our bright little red head with a voice supreme. We will never forget the songs she contributed to our Literary Programmes. She may be small, but I know she can handle a class with us all. Here's wishing you luck at your school in the sticks.

JEAN CONTRYMAN (Cranbrook) -

Jean is a tall and handsome gal,
Seems to be everyone's little pal;
Is very good in every sport,
Especially on the badminton court.
With her pleasant smile, and helping hand,
No wonder she's in such demand.

JESSIE DERBY (Kimberley) -

Jessie is a girl who knows how to play,
But still has her work done every day.
She has interests galore which are mostly at sea,
With Billy, the sailor boy, who seems full of glee.
At noon she rushes home for the mail,
Which brings her news and many a tale,
And then she returns to school at the Shrine,
With her eyes all a-sparkle and her face all a-shine.

MARGUERITE DICK (Nanaimo) -

Marguerite Dick is our Nanaimo lass.
She has plenty of pep and lots of class.
The Army has the say in her life.
Someday she may be a colonel's wife.

RUTH DICKSON (Duncan) -

Ruth is a winner with her bright smile,
A "wow" in bowling and star of basketball!
She works hard in school, but still loves to fool,
And is always eager to help all the while.

EDNA DIGNAN (Sidney) - Edna, a contribution from Sidney, seems to be the only student who has a firm knowledge of poetry. She was the star member of Garnet Gibson's team because of her workable knowledge of botany. Best of luck, Edna!

JANET DOBBS (Saanich) - Janet is our official accompanist from Gordon Head - land of the "Guppies". As far as the accompanying goes she does a very fine job; as far as the Guppies go - well, ask Jennetta. She has shown herself to be quite an actress, as seen in the Dramatic Club's last production, "Don't Feed the Animals".

MARGARET DODIMEAD (Prince Rupert) - One person who has certainly got a kick out of Normal School this year is merry Peg. Wherever there are "doings" her optimistic spirit prevails. On "Lit." days she has sung for us and in the evenings she has taught us the "kokioki".

DOROTHY GILLIS (Trail) -

A giggling little lassie
Who hails from Trail (so fair?) -
Though small, she has a way
Of reminding us she's there.

The way? Of course you know it,
A quick and tireless tongue.
This is Dorothy Gillis -
Say what you like she's fun!

IRENE GOGUILLON (Victoria)

Our social convener is an interesting girl
Who speaks French, dances, and lives in a whirl.
She studies, it's true, but to fun she says, "Yes".
Should I tell you her name, or can you guess?
In case the attempt should take you too long,
This prospective teacher is Miss Goguillon.

KATHLEEN GOOLD (Hilliers) - Now, there is a girl - you should see her
in basketball! She is also a good dancer, especially at waltzing. She
is also a hard worker, on the whole a grand girl. Good luck in your
teaching, Kay!

DOROTHY GRAHAM (Penticton) - 5 ft. 7 in. of sunshine. Of course there are
cloudy days, too. Besides Normal School, she has one big worry. She can't
decide which she likes best - Army, Navy or Air Force. So, she exhibits a
high measure of intelligence and goes out with them all.

GENEVIEVE GRIZZELLE (Nelson) - This striking brunette, from Nelson, is
jolly, talkative and fond of argument. She is interested in skiing, skat-
ing, bowling, and, incidentally, in the Navy. Bon voyage, Genevieve!

ANNA GILMAUR (Ladysmith) - Here is a vivacious French Miss from Ladysmith.
Her cheery smile has greeted Class A all year. Long hours spent in the
Museum made this girl the shining star of our Science flower hike. Per-
haps she is a leading naturalist of tomorrow.

Here is a girl with dancing feet,
With whom no student need compete.
Her name, I'm sure, you all will guess,
Is Ann Gilmaur - no more, no less.

EDNA HALTON (Victoria) -

Mrs. Halton came from China,
But she could teach before.
She's interesting, gay and full of fun,
So who could ask for more?

LUCILLE HAMILTON (Ta Ta Creek) - Hails from Ta Ta Creek - Oh, for the life of a rancher! Fond of skiing, skating, hockey games. Sees herself teaching in a mud-floored school. Best of luck, Lucille.

BEVERLY HANEY (Cranbrook) -

From Cranbrook hails this smiling redhead,
Grand contribution to our School -
In sports and music she has led,
Will be successful at teaching the Golden Rule.

ROSS HARRITT (Kamloops) -

Appearance	Petite
Weak point	Giggling
Strong point	Bowling
Favorite Saying	O-h-h-h-h
Favorite Song	"Jim"
Girl friend	President Bell
Boy friend	Undecided
Ambition	Somebody "big" in music
Future	A "big-little" schoolmarm.

HILDA HUGHES (Victoria) -

This lady's name is Hilda Hughes.
We'd never say "She has the blues".
For Hilda is a happy soul,
And 'tis sure she'll reach her goal -
Being on the studious side,
Through exams she'll safely glide.
As a wee girl in Class A's skit,
In tunic short, she made a hit.

DOROTHY HUMESTON (Victoria) - Gordon Head's star pupil, Mt. Douglas' highest I.Q., Victoria College's pride and joy, P.N.S.'s - well, we could say that, as a teacher, she makes a good nurse, but we won't. Dot seems to have been born with that enviable A.B.C. complex - you know, always be cheerful. It is unfortunate that this splendid athlete has been incapacitated of late, but this doesn't prevent her from turning out to softball and being our faithful score keeper.

DOREEN KENMUIR (Alert Bay) - Doreen is President of the Normal I.S.C.F. When Miss Kenmuir displays her humour, there's a riot of laughter. Doreen has taken a prominent part in the social activities of the School.

MARGARET LARSEN (Ocean Falls) - Margaret is a very attractive blonde member of Class A. She has given us some really interesting talks during the year on subjects ranging from paper making (she is an Ocean Falls girl) to washing the baby under difficulties. This term Margaret has held the position of Secretary of the Dramatic and Debating Society.

ADA LITTLER (Natal) -

Ada Littler, the girl with the "line",
With a heart as big as any gold mine.
She can sing and dance and play with the rest,
But with the Forces, she's at her best.

ANNE LYSTER (Victoria) -

Name	Anne "Boleyn" Lyster, alias Anne "Bowl'emover" Lyster
Description	Intensely Interested
Weakness	Botany
Strong Point	Stick-to-it-ivism
Favorite Saying	"Well, you see, it's like this"
Ambition	Physical Training teacher
Future	A certain sailor boy's ball-and-chain.

LUCILLE MARTIN (Merritt)

Lucille is a girl with many a charm -
A lovely voice, a winning smile,
A sweet disposition, which nothing can rile,
A way which does her sailor beguile.
He'll too soon be walking down the aisle,
With little Lucille holding on to his arm.

IRENE PROCTOR (Vancouver) - Irene is one of those very, very clever girls.
The school board that hires Proctor won't be taking a "gamble."

FRANCES ROWELL (Victoria) - This student is one of our leaders in athletics.
She has certain connections with the Air Force, one of these being a gold
wrist watch. Of course, it is Frankie Rowell!

---oooOooo---

Wife: Just think, dear, it's 47 years ago today that we
became engaged.

Professor: Is it? Then it's high time we got married.



CLASS B

Top Row - Mr. G. Gibson, Misses I. Orton, M. Macdonald, I. Welch, Mr. J. Robinson, Misses K. Whelan, D. Sharp,
Mr. G. Green, Misses D. Spencer, I. White, Mr. J. Lott.

Middle Row - Misses M. Mercer, E. McConnell, C. Reid, Mr. B. Johns, Misses K. Trainor, N. McKerns, M. Young,
M. Vey, D. Sutherland, J. Straight, M. McGibbon, S. Scatchard, J. Rhodes, M. Sinclair, B. Nichols.

Front Row - Misses F. Sinclair, L. Willey, Mr. A. Balano, Misses E. Sheldrick, M. Shaw-Maclaren.

CLASS "B" PERSONALS

ELEANOR McCONNELL (Princeton) -

She's lively, she's happy, she's always gay,
She knows all the answers every day,
She has that poise and natural grace
That puts her right up there in first place.

MARGARET MACDONALD (Willow River) -

Each morning on her bicycle in weather foul or fair
See Margaret Macdonald come, our daily grind to share.
If we can't answer, "Who wrote that?" our Margie always can;
And oft will we recall her tale
Of unhappy MacPherson Congleckitty Angus McClan.

MAUREEN McGIBBON (Kaslo) - Rumour has it that Molly, our quiet brainy lass from Kaslo, is very interested in the Navy. Anyway, she belongs to our diamond flashing quartette, which leaves us with the impression that her teaching career will probably be short-lived.

NORMA McKERNS (Calgary) - Norma, who was our Social Convener for the first half of our year, has made herself a friend of everyone at Normal. She has a great interest in sports, dancing and things in general. Her sunny personality and neatness of dress will insure her success. "Oh, for gosh sakes," says Norma with a giggle.

MURIEL MERCER (Saanich) -

Small and charming,
Smile disarming,
Peewee to her friends,
A for trimness
A for slimness
Well-curled all her "ends",
Note-book tidy
Works on Friday
(Likely, I contends)
Inspiration
To the nation
Her teaching's sure to lend.
Her heart is over
In Vancouver -
Thus my story ends.

BELLE NICHOLS (Rossland) - Trembles at the thought of skating alone, even though she is from Trail. Private information, strictly off the record - "She's a cute dancer" - "She hates to get up in the morning." Bruno calls for her and takes her home from bowling. She gave up her work in the telephone office to teach. Guess she prefers a job where the customer isn't always right.

ISABELLE ORTON (Nanaimo) -

What she's thinking is hard to tell,
It's not always her studies I know quite well.
If her thoughts we could read, I think we'd find,
It's the Navy or Army she has on her mind.

CONSTANCE REID (Victoria) - Connie doesn't make a point of developing her diaphragm, but she'll be long remembered for her sweet smile. Everyone knows this pretty, blue-eyed blonde by that.

JOAN RHODES (Salmon Arm) - Miss Rhodes is the dignified girl of our Normal Class, but it is quite surprising to find that she can be humourous, too. She looks the ideal schoolmarm - (that's a compliment) - and we hope she will be as good as she looks.

SHIRLEY SCATCHARD (New Denver) - Shirley, from New Denver - and we don't mean Colorado - one of these Interior girls who is equally at home on a rink or at a bowling alley. She is inclined to be a "jitterbug" with or without a tall airman. The one thing we can take away with us is her sense of humour and ready laugh.

DAWN SHARP (Nelson) -

Dawn Sharp, the girl with the name,
Came back after Christmas awfully lame,
She wanted to run around and play,
But she had to stay put every day,
Now she feels as frisky as a colt,
And dashes around like a lightning bolt.

MARY SHAW-MacLAREN (Oyama) -

She always has an answer
For questions asked in class.
And when help is needed of her,
She's a "never-failing" lass!

EVELYN SHELDRIK (Victoria) - One person who looks calm when she is conducting a singing lesson. Evelyn's chief interest is definitely extra-curricular.

MARJORIE SINCLAIR (Nelson) -

Marjory Sinclair from Nelson does hail,
Boards with a girl named Dot, from Trail.
She has chosen the teaching occupation -
The Forestry Corps is tops in her estimation.

W. FAITH SINCLAIR (Victoria) - Faith has been one of our leading ladies, as the popular President of the Literary Society for the first term, and as "Ellen" in our first play. She has shown that she is "socially adjusted" by her ever-amiable disposition. Faith especially loves music - except when she has to explain some musical theory, when her invariable answer is, "But I don't know, Mr. Wickett".

DOLORES SPENCER (Kamloops) - Famous (not as David Spencer's niece!!) -

But for her jovialities
And noticing trivialities (the 9 o'clock bell)
And trips to Seattle
She brought home more than a rattle.
Good luck in the finalities!!!

JEAN STRAIGHT (Victoria) - "You have many strings to your bow."
- Shakespeare.

In the future we will laugh when we think of Jean, as she has made us laugh so often in the past - but clowning is only one of "Straight's" accomplishments. Jean is also to the fore in musical, artistic and dramatic circles. In the latter, she portrayed, with equal success, "The Old Maid," "Biffin, the Gigolo, with corn-cob pipe," and the love-lorn "Romeo". Good luck next year, Jean! We're sure that any Sleepy Hollow will be enlightened and benefitted by your presence.

DORIS SUTHERLAND (Kaslo) -

Dark and pretty and likeable, too,
This lass with the dark brown eyes -
She came from distant Kaslo
To our Normal Paradise.
All year she struggled over books,
From class to class she hurried,
And if she doesn't pass, 'twon't be
Because she hasn't worried!

KATHLEEN TRAINOR (Nelson) - Kathleen, the song bird of Class B, certainly has an imagination. When she approaches you with a mischievous look on her face - look out, anything can happen!

MARGARET VEY (Victoria) - This pretty little blonde has been a "dyed in the wool" Victorian for twenty odd years. On the surface she appears very quiet, but her best friends say looks deceive. She is very clever with her hands and is responsible for Class B's reputation for Handiwork.

Good things in small parcels is often the rule,
And Margaret Vey is the one in our School.

ISOBEL WELCH (Saanich) - Isobel hails from the wonderful environs of Victoria. She is a quiet, hard-working girl; height - just right; weight - pleasantly plump; her most striking acquisition - lovely blonde hair.

RITA WHELAN (Comox) -

Rita Whelan is her name,
She who gives Comox its fame.
A conscientious worker she,
A village teacher from Class B.
We seldom hear at all from her,
She never, never makes a stir;
But her brown eyes, they take in all.
We wish her best of luck next fall!

ISABELL WHITE (Princeton) - Isabell is our dark-eyed brunette, who comes from Princeton. There are two things which intrigue our Isabell more than anything else - these are roller skating and Canada's Navy.

LORRAINE WILLEY (Victoria) - One of the few girls who has that attribution which all males admire - a quiet manner. She is one of those lucky girls who lives over Esquimalt way.

MARGARET YOUNG (Victoria) - This delightful blonde is the envy of the girls because she lives across from the Naval Barracks. Marg's flashing smile should help to bring her every success in her chosen profession.

SHEILA MOORE (Fort Fraser) - Sheila was one of the blonde lasses of Class C, but, alas, she left us shortly after Christmas. She was the mainstay of our "Psych." classes and even donated a very good book on the subject to the Normal School library.

ALEC BALANO (Trail) - Hails from the "Smoky City" - Trail. Noted for his infectious smile. His familiar frame is seen daily striding through the halls. Athletics and Dancing are two of his specialties.

Here's to Alec Balano, the chap with all the curls,
Who is very fond of fairer things, you know I mean the girls;
He also is a student, strange though it may seem,
But most of all his studying is done within a dream.

GARNET GIBSON (Powell River) - Lack of a car doesn't keep Gee-Gee, as he is popularly called, from getting around. This handsome looking Romeo has a bewitching smile, which he shows to best advantage when explaining the "scientific method" to Janet. His other accomplishments include: toe dancing (have you seen him?!); winking with both eyes while singing "Ma Momma Done Tol' Me"; and distracting the weaker "femmes".

DAVID GREEN (Chilliwack) - David, one-sixth of our brow-beaten male population, hails from Chilliwack. He is usually to be found in the company of that beaming personality, Mr Gibson. David is very sure of himself and very forceful in presenting his views. However, we can never tell when he is really serious or merely pulling the proverbial leg. He should go a long way in the teaching profession.

BERNARD JOHNS (Trail) - One of our six manly males, he hails from the Smelter City. He's interested in skating, ping pong, and bowling. Although Bernard seems to be a quiet lad, he's always willing to do his part, and is well-liked by everyone.

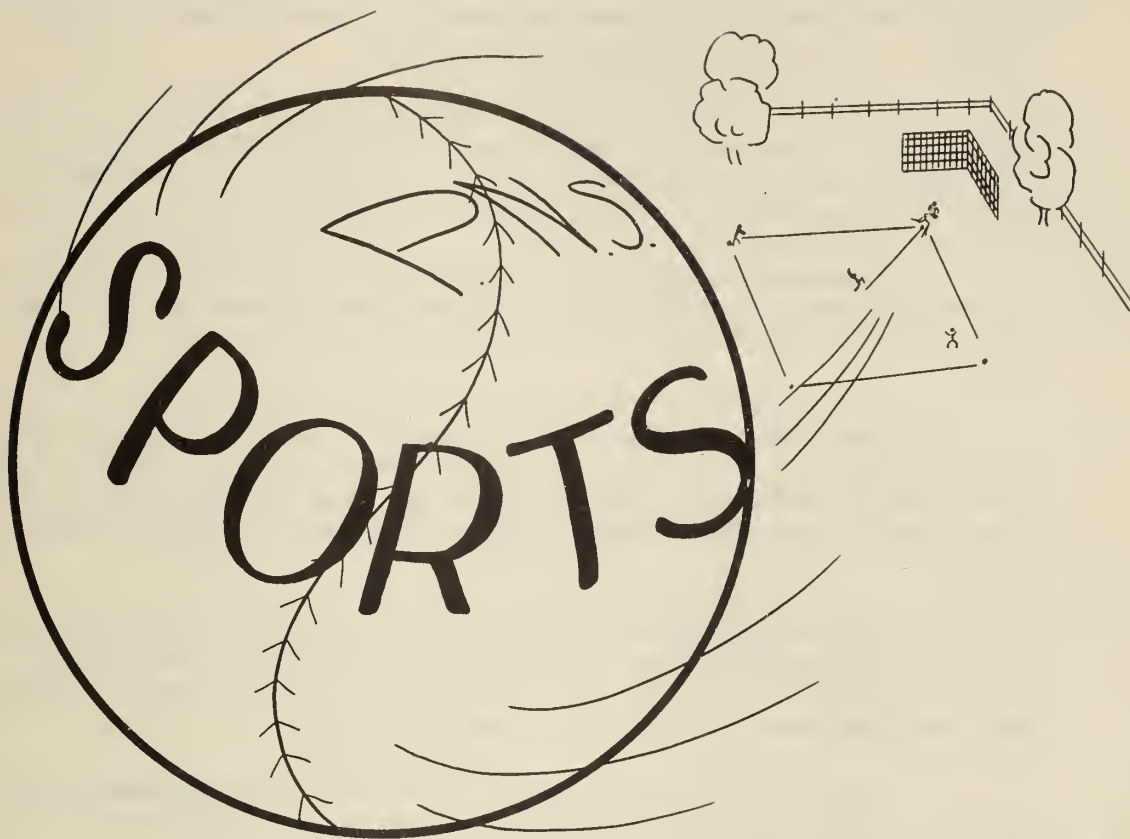
JOSEPH LOTT (Victoria) -

What! Do you know Joe?
Why he's the boy who can make things go!!
Joe Lott's the boy who knows how to talk
Whether in school or out for a walk.
He's very well-liked, as everyone knows,
And there's always a laugh wherever he goes.

JAMES ROBINSON (Victoria) - One of the lonely six. He has an amazing ability for remembering peoples' first names wrongly. He always succeeds on the sixth try. Nevertheless he has won the friendship and admiration of all at Normal with his happy disposition and ready smile. As President of the Dramatic and Debating Society, he has done some fine work and we are sure that he will be successful in the future.

DANIEL CLARK (Saskatoon) -

From the other side of the Great Divide
Came a quiet and thoughtful man.
His Prairie pupils must have cried,
As they bid farewell to their Dan.
He has come to this side of the Great Divide,
With teaching here as his plan.



The Athletic Committee would like to thank the student body for the way in which it has co-operated in making this second term such a success. We would also like to extend our appreciation to Miss Hinton and Mr. English, who have helped us, in every way possible, in the carrying out of the Athletic program.

The second half of the Athletic year has certainly been one of variety. Basketball was resumed after the Christmas Holidays, with two very fine teams representing the School in a series of games against several of the City schools. The boys found their greatest difficulty, not in defeating their opponents, but rather in choosing members for their own team. There were such remarkable players among their large number that it was almost impossible to make the selection, but, finally, they did send out five of their best.

An inter-class basketball tournament provided playing opportunity for those girls who had not made the regular team. We were all sorry when practice-teaching intervened, to cut short the season.

A ping-pong tournament was carried on with Victoria College. Although the spoils went to the latter, we are certain that, had our representatives had more time for practice, they would have been the victors. (It makes a good story, anyway!)

Upon our return from the Easter holidays we had to adjust ourselves to a new school, which had very few, if any, facilities for sports. At first we were quite perturbed by this situation, but, after looking around, we found that distant fields were very "green".

Swimming, bowling and softball now become the main features of the program. A very enjoyable splash "party" was held at the Crystal Pool. We hope to have at least one more before the end of the term.

Two nights a week are now taken up by Life-Saving Classes with sixteen of the students taking advantage of this opportunity. If we learn nothing else, at least we now know how to make a "right-about-turn". Who knows, we might be in the Army sometime in the future!!

The Normal School softball season opened Thursday, April 23rd, the Central Park was the scene of the action. The student body has been divided into four teams and with that number it seems very possible that we will have some fine games.

"Be there at 3:20, sharp" - yes, and every member of the student body and Staff was at the Bowladrome, at that deadline, to enjoy a free afternoon knocking down the pins.

Since bowling was a new experience for most of the students, it would not do justice if we failed to describe the form of some of the players. I'm sure the manager cast many an anxious eye on that little black ball - not rolling, but loudly bouncing all the way down the alley. If the floor stood the beating we gave it, doubtless it can stand anything. Now to get back to the players - one girl, whose name we leave unmentioned, had a spectacular mannerism all her own. Taking the ball in her hand, she would run like a bolt of lightning for about ten paces, and then, her fury spent, a sudden calmness would descend upon her slowly, very slowly, she would roll the ball down the alley.

"Boys, stop jeering, the spotlight is now on one of your number!!!"

It was only natural that two hours of such a strenuous game would have a stiffening effect, but, nevertheless, we didn't plan on providing canes for any male, and thus, one of your stalwarts was obliged to limp next day, helplessly, with no outside aid, from class to class, upstairs and down. Now back to the more serious side. The students really appreciated the whole-hearted way in which the Staff joined in the fun and helped to make that afternoon one that will be ever remembered.

The popularity of the game resulted in the formulation of a league, comprising about 52 of the students and many from the Staff. May the "best team win" the series and may a "good time be enjoyed by all".

The Athletic Committee made a "detour" from its regular activity by taking charge of the Literary Program for one afternoon. The most outstanding item of this was a short play - "Romeo and Juliet". (All apologies to Shakespeare.) Romeo was portrayed by Miss Straight and Juliet by Mr. Robinson. There is little doubt that these two will eventually reach Hollywood. The proper atmosphere of the tragedy was provided by a chorus of five girls, who sang out their sad tale to the tune of "Long, Long Ago".

The Science Expedition, which followed, did wonders in relieving the sadness which had descended on the audience.

Now, in closing, we hope we have done at least a little in making this year at Normal more interesting and exciting.

Along with the President and Vice-president, I join in hoping you will find both success and happiness in your new profession.

- Kathleen Trainor.

---oooOooo---

I WONDER -

A piece of chalk was on the ledge
It could not fly
It did not try
It could not walk
It could not talk
It knew no joy
It knew no fear
How come it hit me on the ear?



LITERARY

LITERARY SOCIETY

On Friday, February 6, 1942, the students assembled in the Normal School auditorium for the first meeting of the second term. The purpose of the meeting was to elect new officers for the coming term. Several weeks of stiff campaigning had taken place prior to the meeting and excitement was high as the results were made known.

The following officers were elected -

President	-	Betty Bell, Victoria.
Vice-president	-	Genevieve Grizzelle, Nelson.
Secretary	-	Janet Dobbs, Victoria.

The Class Representatives were Constance Reid, Hilda Hughes and Margaret Vey.

We have endeavoured in our weekly programmes to maintain the high standard of entertainment set by the previous executive.

Great variety has been shown, and many new students have been given an opportunity to display their talents.

The exodus from the old School has not in the least dampened our enthusiasm in planning programmes. Each week different societies are responsible for the entertainment. On April 24th, the Athletic Society, under the direction of Miss Rowell, presented a most enjoyable programme. The skit "Romeo and Juliet", which they produced at this time, proved to be a great success. The Dramatic and Debating Society contributed to the programme on May 1st. Mr. Robinson, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, filled his rôle very capably.

Among the many items that have been presented this second term, have been piano solos and duets, vocal solos, duets and choruses, a play, round table discussions, news bulletins, humorous readings, monologues, and short talks.

As we go to press, plans are being laid to dedicate a Friday afternoon programme to Mr. Gough, who is leaving us to take up his new duties. This concert, to be centred around a farewell theme, will be a fitting tribute to his last year of teaching at the Normal School.

The Committee of the Literary Society would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped to make these Friday programmes a great success. Special thanks should go to Dr. Anderson, who has given generously of her time and efforts to help us with the planning of the programmes.

- Janet Dobbs.



What a grand, glorious year this has been! In spite of war conditions and moving "en masse" our social life has included a variety of events, which will be cherished as laughable memories in the coming years.

There was the flurry and fluster of our formal dance in October. The decoration committee ran hither and thither hanging up black cats and orange pumpkins. The "Famous Six" used their Samson muscles to clear the auditorium of the hard seats of knowledge. The bustling over, everyone left to become glamorized.

The success of the dance was acclaimed by all. Everything from the music to the delicious refreshments was the source of much after-talk.

Before the "Great Evacuation" the girls turned their womanly instincts to the culinary arts. A series of very successful teas was arranged. Members of the faculty, their wives, and friends took their life in their hands in order to prove the girls could cook. We are happy to report there were no fatalities.

February 22nd saw the auditorium a colorful setting for our second formal dance. A rainbow of streamers made an artificial sky above the heads of the dancers. Rhythm suppressed in class came to life to the tunes of Bert Zala's Orchestra.

Our last days of Normal hold promise of further outstanding events, a whirlwind of activity which most likely includes another picnic, a banquet and a dance, that will send us into the world with "good-will toward all men".

- Irene Goguillon.

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SHAKESPEARE - 1942 STYLE -

After teachers' tea -

"I have supped full with horrors." (Macbeth)

Day dreaming in school hours -

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more'." (Macbeth)

On being given a week in which to do a certain essay -

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow." (Macbeth)

On return of examination papers -

"A friendly eye could never see such faults." (Julius Caesar)

Geometry text -

"Was ever book containing such vile matter so fairly bound."
(Romeo and Juliet)

Pupil, telling younger brother about school -

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood." (Hamlet)



Dramatic & Debating Society

At the close of an eventful and happy year, we once more write a brief record of the events of the Dramatic and Debating Society. Although the year was not crowded with a galaxy of dramatic performances and enthusiastic debates, the little work that was done along these lines was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Some go as far as to whisper that this sad state of affairs is a result of our lack of males!

What we lacked in quantity of production, we made up for in method of delivery. This year we (kind permission of Mr. English) feel the drama work has been an integrated activity. It has not been confined to the water-tight compartment of a cold society. It has often found its way blindly into the odd Literary programme and it has co-operated with the other societies in making these programmes a success.

We have only been able to lift the lid of the great drama box which holds so many pleasant experiences for us in the future. We have been limited by time and pressed by more immediate concerns. As Mrs. Reese Burns says, we have merely been able to use drama as a "vehicle of speech".

Our Executive has been seriously considering whether or not it should ask Dr. Denton to become an honorary life member. He simply vivifies the true spirit of drama - especially in the classroom. His interpretations of early childhood and antics of irate parents will undoubtedly haunt us for years to come.

During the Fall term, Alec Balano directed our first piece of work, "Popping the Question", a humorous play dealing with the love problems of certain gentlemen and ladies of the Victorian era.

A successful debate was carried out between Classes A and B, in which A was victorious. It had been planned that a similar event between A and C would take place this term, but the plans were abandoned.

This term, we presented the play, "Don't Feed the Animals," in which Joseph Lott played the leading role of the last remaining man among a world of women. This play was significant in that it was the last to be staged in the auditorium of the Normal School. Whether or not it was worthy of that great honour, we cannot say.

In the Fall we hope you will all have future spheres in which to continue the elaboration (or otherwise) of the drama.

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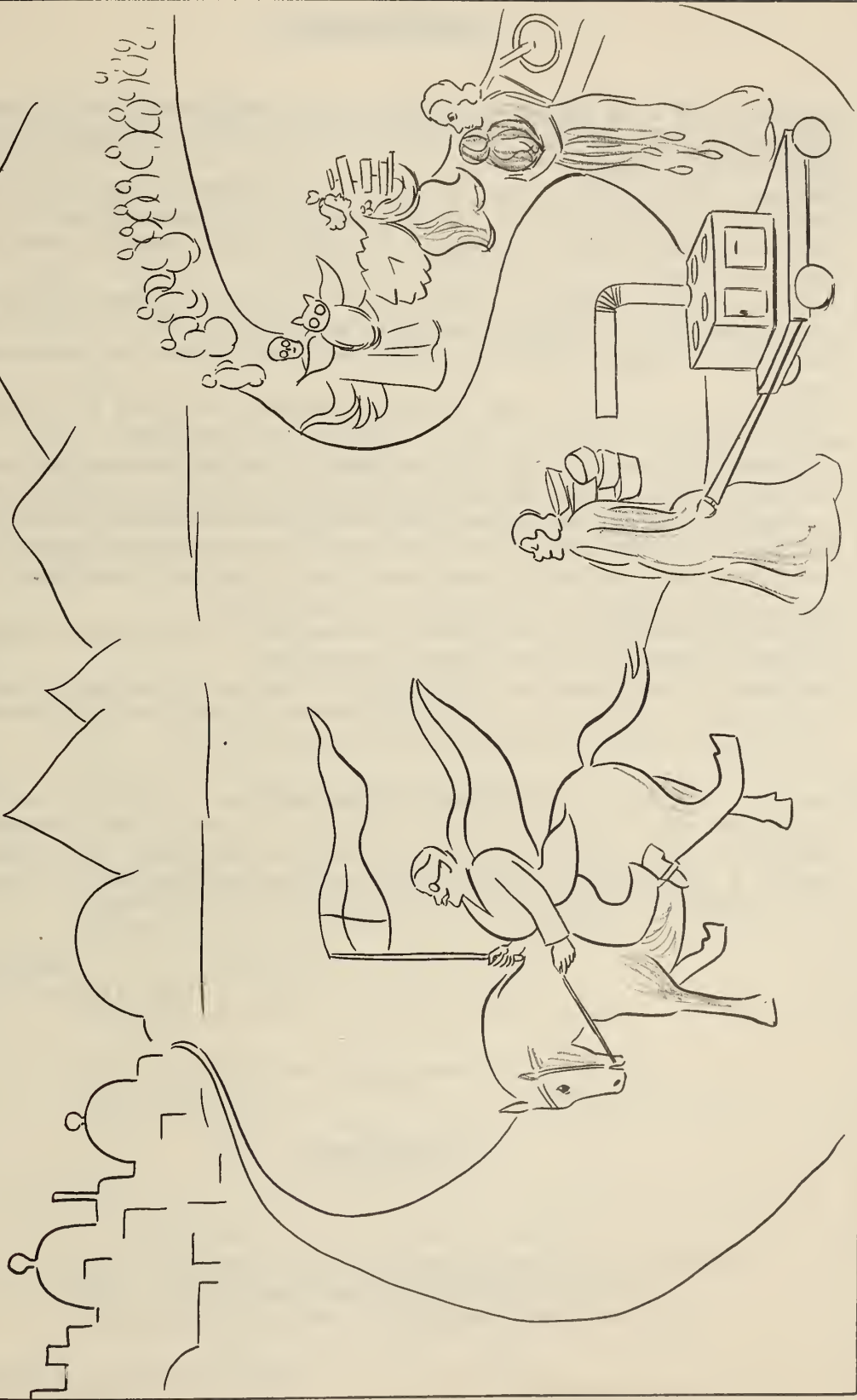
The thrush is singing merrily
A serenade to Spring,
And in the orchards, apple trees
White blossoms skyward fling.

The cherry trees are dancing
In dresses of pink lace,
And blown by the lively breeze
Down slopes, blue camass race!

Gay fields of yellow buttercups
Sway to the wind's waltz-tune.
They are so beautiful as they are,
Why must they go so soon?

- Isabelle Orton.

Pilgrimage To The Shrine



"When that Aprille, with his shoures sote,
The droght of March hath perced to the rote;

Then 'gan men's thoughts to turne on gaun on pilgrimages".

A TEACHER'S CREED

- I believe that I am become a teacher that I may serve; not be served.
I believe in play and the voices that I hear when in close touch with God's Out-of-Doors.
I believe in the dignity and worth of work and the wrong of wasted time.
I believe in a healthy body, an alert mind, and poise of soul.
I believe in the value of struggle in life, that nothing worth while comes any other way.
I believe in the worth and sanctity of my own life, the value of uprightness, of purpose, and straightforwardness of living.
I believe in humanity, its essential brotherhood and its positive possibilities.
I believe in the child; that I should respect him as he is in his immaturity with reference to what he may become in his maturity.
I believe in Education; that we owe much to those devoted men and women, who through infinite toil are raising Education to the level of a science, and are making the way more clear and certain for the teacher of the child.
I believe that posterity will bless such, no matter what their nationality, for the Education that is most worth striving for, that alone can bring world peace, knows no international boundaries.
I believe in Education as a field of study and investigation worthy of the keenest intellect and the highest ambition.
I believe in the Education of the child, that with knowledge and sympathy and wisdom I may help to guide his growth so that he will become an intelligent and helpful citizen of the state and world.
- I believe in myself as a teacher of the child and recognize the fact that, long after the rules and figures learned at school are forgotten, the heart relations which spring from a cultivated personality will remain with the child; I believe that I can make some contributions to the totality of life by becoming a teacher.

Anonymous.
(Contributed by Betty Bell)

---oooOooo---

CO-OPERATION

Lives of great men all remind us
We should do our very best
And departing leave behind us
Note-books that will help the rest.

(With apologies to Longfellow)

SUMMER SOUNDS

A mower clacking noisily in the fields of fragrant hay,
From dawn's first flush till the welcome close of every busy day.
The sigh of the wind through the wheat fields wide, that promise of
autumn sheaves,
Or the wind as it whispers tenderly through the trembling poplar leaves,
The mournful cry of a hunting-hawk, hungrily searching for prey.
The liquid notes of a meadowlark, singing his morning lay.
The noisy buzz of the bumble-bee - that ever-busy rover,
Searching all day for nectar sweet in patches of scented clover.
The plaintive baaing of stolid sheep, browsing in meadows wide,
Or the eager bleat of little lambs gamboling at their side.
The far-off wail of a coyote at night, when the moon hangs low,
A kilddeer's piercing, lonely cry, or an owl's hoot, soft and low.
The sibilant swish of coal-black wings, as crows go flapping by,
The drone of a far-off airplane, a speck in the cloudless sky.
A cricket's chirp in the afternoon; at dawn a rooster's crow -
All these, and more, are summer sounds I have learned to love and
know.

- Isabelle Orton.

---oooOooo---

THE JOY OF THE SPRING

Fragile green leaves in the raindrops growing,
Scented white blossoms in a warm breeze blowing,
Shattering with perfume the prismsed air;
So lightly they swing
To the joy of the Spring!
Adorning the land with their beauty fair.

Bright red tulips in the sunshine growing,
Fair young daffodils their proud beauty showing,
High up overhead, little wings soaring;
How blithely they sing
To the joy of the Spring!
Blending in song their rapturous adoring.

Sparkling cool brooks through the forest flowing,
Small brown seeds in the warm soil growing,
Bare withered trees for the sunlight yearning;
Their empty arms fling
To the joy of the Spring!
Finding new hope in life's glorious returning.

- Helen Armstrong.

LAST STOP --- EVERYBODY OUT!

I was rudely awakened from reverie when I landed in an ungainly heap on the floor of Class A. The seat had been forcibly ejected from under me - without the slightest warning, and all because the Normal School was leaving en masse for other regions. It seemed we were to be taken over by the army, and there was no time to be lost.

Students clutched impedimenta from desks as they were removed from the rooms by lusty workmen. Lights descended from the ceilings. Bedlam reigned supreme. It was the final day of our sojourn in the halls of learning and the Army was racing against time, with the determination not to be beaten.

In the midst of the uproar, the Literary Society was holding sway in the auditorium, students groped around step-ladders in the library, collecting enormous piles of books for the coming Practice Teaching. Everyone grasped cherished belongings as they were whisked out of sight by over-zealous demolition squads. At every step down the hall, distraught students sought our aid in recovering lost possessions. No one listened to them and everyone hurried hither and yon, only to return as soon as they got there. I noticed three students ascending from regions below with weighty volumes under their arms, and I distinctly heard one of them say, "I don't know why I salvaged this, but at least it will make a marvellous fire."

"That it should come to this," I thought, in the words of Hamlet. But weird and wonderful things are happening these days and who were we to "reason why"? We were merely the victims of circumstance.

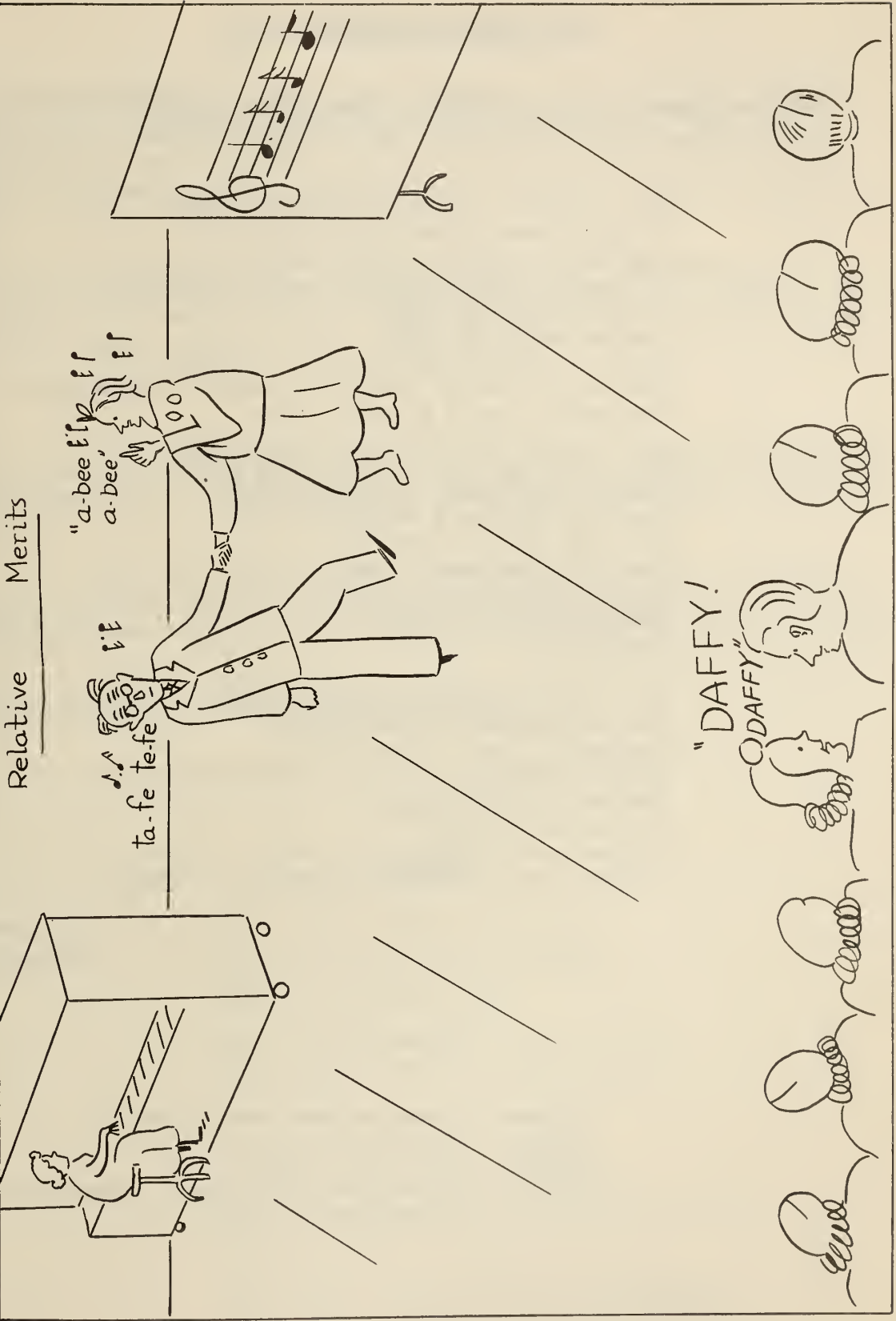
My last look at the old school was rather marred by groups of students hidden behind great piles of loot, which they were laboriously transporting home via the street car. It took twice as much power to make the old No. 10 street car rattle along that day. Between dragging overladen students up the steps of the car, and waiting while various members collected their belongings from the floor, where they had dropped, the conductor had a very hard day.

In case any one is interested, I noticed a couple of Gymnasium suits lying in a dejected heap in Miss Hinton's waste-basket at the Shrine. For all I know, they may be there yet.

Now, whenever we are overcome by an attack of nostalgia, we get our heads together like old patriarchs and say, "Those were the good old days, weren't they?"

- Betty Bell.

Relative Merits



SCHOOL FEVER AND THE BREAK-UP

(With apologies to John Masefield, whose meters are very difficult to follow, and to Tennyson and others)

Oh, I must go back to Mt. Tolmie again,
To the Normal School on the hill
And snoop around where the workers are,
To see the changes they've made for the ill.
For the pain was rare
And we really did care
When we tripped down the hill to the Shrine,
For we'll never go back to the School on the grass,
The School that's a love of mine.

Oh, I must go down to the Shrine again,
To the rooms where the shadows lurk
And all I ask is a brighter light
So I can see to do my work.
But the dusty dark is quite a lark
And the reduction in fees
Makes things like these
Forgivable.

Oh, I must go on an excursion again
To the Uplands, the Bay and all
And hope I find a lively frog,
A skunk-cabbage leaf and a bottle-cap small.
But the wind was chill
And we had our fill
Of smells and flowers and rocks.
Remember Miss Contryman changing her socks?

- Ann Lyster
Phyllis Brown.

---oooOooo---

Teacher: Class, who was Anne Boleyn?
Johnnie: A flat iron.
Teacher: A flat iron! Why?
Johnnie: Because Henry the Eighth pressed his suit
with her.

VISIONS OF TOMORROW

Panting and praying simultaneously I ran stumbling down the rocky, country road, casting fearful glances over my shoulder at the huge woman lumbering after me. All the while my frenzied mind was pounding with the thoughts: "Why did I strap Peewee Doolittle? Why didn't I remember all Dr. Denton told me? Why did I go in for teaching? Why did I ever leave home?"

On - on - on I ran. Half-sobbing and nearly dropping with exhaustion, I saw at last the woman's figure fade in the distance. But visions of boys with snakes and bugs kept me running. Finally I passed the road sign. Behind me was - "Skunk Hollow."

Thud!

With loud laughter ringing in my ears, I looked dazedly around me. I was seated in a very unladylike manner on the floor. Grinning faces peered at me from all angles. Sheepishly, I struggled back into my seat.

"And now," continued the instructor, when order was restored, "be sure to take nice pink cretonne curtains for your little schoolhouse. They will make your dear little children and their kind mothers so happy."

Cynically I raised one eyebrow, but only sank lower in my seat. "Pink curtains!" I snorted under my breath.

- Ada Littler.

---oooOooo---

REGRETS

We've had a happy, lovely year
Full of fun and work and cheer.
I don't want to leave at all -
Can't I just stay here?

With lots of reading, talk and play,
New things to do most every day,
Jokes and laughs, both big and small -
Do I have to leave it all?

We must scatter near and far,
But try to follow that shiny star.
The higher you climb, the harder you fall!
Maybe I shouldn't have come at all?

It's too late to change one's mind.
We've been through the gruelling grind.
The fun we've had, the friends we've met -
I can't bear to leave them yet.

- Anne Lyster & Phyllis Brown.

SAME SCENE - DIFFERENT CAST

"So you were once a Normal student," she began, innocently.

"Yes," I replied, "class of 1929-30."

"Tell me all about it," said the curious one.

"Well, twelve years is a long time," said I as my memory went into a mental tailspin, "but there are some high lights which don't seem so far away."

"Let's have them," she persisted. "I want to know what Normal was like in those days."

So I launched into a recital of Normal days and doings as I remembered them . . . lesson plans . . . my first assignment, "How Birds, Animals and Plants Prepare for Winter" Grade Three, twenty minutes . . . criticisms . . . waiting for, or missing the Number 10 . . . softball . . . ping pong . . . singing classes . . . oh the singing classes!

"There were twenty-three in the men's class that year," I recalled, "and we were the despair of the singing teacher. We had parodies for most of the songs and "Grasshopper Green" was really something with half of the class bellowing out a version which was hardly in keeping with the author's. Once the teacher marched out of the Auditorium and refused to continue the lesson, much to our embarrassment."

More assignments lesson plans . . . Literary Society . .
Dramatic and Debating

"I'll never forget Class D entertaining the assembled school, a group of us attired in yellow slickers, which were all the rage, rendering the latest song hit, "Singing in the Rain", not well, but loud."

Lectures . . . assignments . . . lesson plans . . . practice teaching . . . Normal teachers walking into a classroom with you in the middle of a sentence . . . that sinking feeling . . . fumbling to continue the lesson . . . criticism . . . "I thought you taught a very (a) good (b) fair (c) poor lesson . . . your reaction, (a) oh boy! (b) aw shucks (c) censored . . . Then more lectures . . . time-tables . . . ping pong . . . a picnic at Spoon Bay . . . school administration . . . hygiene . . . educational measurement . . . psychology . . .

"There was a strapping big fellow in our class who had an aversion to certain physiological topics and whenever the discussion touched on the brain or the circulatory system it was too much for him and he would faint completely away, sliding under his desk on to the floor as neatly as could be. We would carry him to the men's room and he would soon recover and be ready for three or four sets of tennis or maybe a rugby game."

Lectures . . . classes . . . preparation of lessons . . . practice teaching for a week . . . final examinations . . . annual picnic . . . collecting from the advertisers in Anecho . . . one firm threatened to sue because we omitted to put "Ltd." after the name of his company in his ad . . . banquet and dance . . . diplomas . . . the last day . . . farewell . . .

"The sudden realization that a very pleasant experience had at last come to an end left everyone feeling very low. At the last assembly there were red eyes and damp handkerchiefs right and left. Back to the four corners of the Province journeyed the budding pedagogues, eager to apply their newly acquired wisdom."

"And so you had become a teacher," observed my patient listener.

"Well, I thought so then," I answered, "but that's another story."

- Irvine Dawson.

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ON MY WAY HOME

1.
Today the sky seemed a deeper blue,
Through the shell-pink apple tree;
Each blossom assumed a rosier hue,
When a pansy smiled at me.

2.

Its little face was wreathed in
smiles,
As it swayed on its stalk merrily,
My heart was caught by its naughty
wiles,
When the pansy smiled at me.

3.

A fragrant lilac brushed my face,
I heard the hum of a happy bee,
But my eye was carried to another
place
Where a pansy smiled at me.

A silver V of birds overhead,
Seemed to cut a cloud in three,
And it seemed to point to the
flower bed
Where the pansy smiled at me.

5.
To cheer my heart in this well-lov'd season,
And raise my spirits to higher key,
To see me smile back, is the reason
Why that pansy smiled at me.

- Anne Guilmaur.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF NORMAL SCHOOL

Monday morning, September 8, I started out on what then seemed the most perilous journey of my life - going to a new school, a school which probably had more task masters than one deemed possible. I just knew I would have to teach that first day probably no less than 100 pupils. What should I do - take the next boat home?

In such an undecided state of mind, I neared the school, a very impressive structure surrounded by beautiful grounds. Maybe this wasn't such a bad place after all!! As I mingled among the other students, I was met more than once with the questions - "Do you know anything about the teachers?" "I hear they have never been excelled in assigning homework." "Is it true that we have to make speeches every day before large groups?"

The same fear gripped me once more, this time with ever-renewed strength. It was not long before the door of the main entrance suddenly opened, and someone beckoned us to come forward. Like sheep we followed the leader into the school. In the same blind way we arrived in a large room, the auditorium, which was really a beautiful room. However, I took little notice of that fact. My eyes were glued on the seven people on the stage. So these were the teachers! The principal, Dr. Denton, began to speak to us. Soon, to my amazement, I found I was quite relieved of any anxiety and interested in everything being said.

We didn't have to teach that first day or for many days to come, but merely sat and listened to the teachers and sometimes, but very rarely, one "brave soul" from the student body would come forth with a bright idea.

It was a matter of months before we were acquainted with all the students, but each day we would make friends with someone new. The grandest students and teachers in the Province had certainly all gathered in this institution or at least that is the general conception and couldn't be far from the truth.

A sad note was struck when the Government suddenly announced that our school was needed for Military purposes. Now followed hectic days of clearing out the building. Stampedes became the order of the day in the mad rush to obtain the free books given away.

Three weeks of practice teaching followed our moving from the building and at the end of that time we adjusted ourselves to a new school in "The Shrine". Excitement reigned supreme the first few days, with the result that some of the teachers' "pearls" fell on deaf ears. It was not until we had thoroughly explored the building and its surroundings that everything settled down to "normal" once more.

As the term draws to a conclusion we look back on the happiest year of our life and only have regrets that it was so short. When we leave Victoria we will take with us many pleasant memories which will be the "food for thought" in the coming years.

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